

The BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XII. No. 34

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

MAY 21, 1922

Nibsy's Potato Patch.

A COLONEL PEPPERPOD STORY.
BY GRACE DOWNEY TINKHAM.

NIBSY grabbed his alarm clock, shut it off, jumped from his bed, dressed quickly, and slipped from the room. It was very early; he could put in two hours' work on his potato patch before breakfast. Swiftly he left the tiny three-room apartment, crept noiselessly down the narrow old stairs of the building in which he lived, and struck off across streets and alleys until he came to the long strip of land back of the restaurant owned by Jams' father. All Nibsy's savings had gone into rent for the land, for seed potatoes, for a second-hand spade and hoe. Ever since twelve-year-old Nibsy and his thin little mother had been left alone, he had yearned to help in some way; and at last he had thought of raising potatoes. From this quarter-acre he felt sure he could take a crop which would supply them for a long time. Besides, there would be plenty to sell, which would mean actually bringing in money—and how they needed that!

The rosy summer sun peeped over the horizon as Nibsy started work. Very few people were astir at that hour. Nibsy could see Jams' father moving about his restaurant, could hear the clatter of dishes, and smell the cooking ham and eggs. It was ages since he'd tasted ham and eggs! If he could only have a little, just a little—Nibsy forced himself to whistle, that was the best way to keep his mind from things that were not for him. And when his potato patch started to pay, there certainly would be ham and eggs then for him and his mother—and oh boy!—maybe chicken!

Pretty soon he heard Jams' voice mingling with his father's. Jams! What a trial Jams had been since that terrible fight of theirs in the schoolyard last winter when he had whipped Jams! And how sullen and resentful Jams' eyes had looked since then—and how he had gone out of his way to make things disagreeable for him! Jams didn't care to fight again—no, that was not what he wanted, he had had enough of that! But he wanted to get even by worrying, harassing, tormenting! And now his chance had come—here was Nibsy within ten feet of his father's restaurant! Jams lost no time in making use of that chance!

Nibsy saw Jams slouch to the back door of the restaurant and glower out at him.

"Hey, there!" he presently yelled. "Your old potato patch is getting eaten up by bugs!"

Nibsy paid no attention. It was Jams' habit to hurl something unpleasant at him each morning.

"They're really there!" insisted Jams' surly voice. "I'll show you!" And he

way! Lot you know about it! You! You raising potatoes! It makes me laugh!" And big, red-faced Jams let out such a roar that the slight, fair-haired little girl living in the pink cottage at the end of the alley heard. In fact, Mary had listened to that coarse laugh of Jams very often since Nibsy had started his patch, and she knew what Jams was doing. Mary knew about the fight; she had seen it, and she realized that Jams harbored deep resentment and spite. Swiftly she ran down the alley to Nibsy's garden. She found Jams towering over Nibsy, laughing and gibing—apparently thoroughly enjoying himself!

"Nibsy and his potato patch!" he jeered. "Nibsy and his no-account old potato patch!"

Barefooted, Mary ran so softly that she had come upon Jams before he knew that she was anywhere near. He stopped laughing and glared down at her.

"Well, look who's here!" he exclaimed sneeringly. "What are you doing scooting around the neighborhood so early?"

"I'm scooting around the neighborhood," said she severely, "to tell big mean boys like you to let quiet industrious people alone! Every morning I hear you bothering Nibsy—you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Whew! What a big speech for such a little person!" sneered Jams. "And my goodness! How you do stick up for your friend Nibsy!"

"I'd stick up for you, if you were worth sticking up for!" Mary flashed back. Jams looked at her and his eyes lighted with eagerness for just a second, but he remained silent; so Mary went on reprovingly, "I know it's right for

Nibsy to try to grow potatoes if he wants to and I know you have no right to bother and discourage him!"

"Discourage him!" growled Jams. "I'm not discouraging him—the old potato bugs are doing that!"

"Potato bugs!" Mary leaned down and examined the tops. There were millions of the little pests! She looked anxiously at Nibsy.

"Oh, I'll find something that'll get rid of them," she said bravely. "They'll be all right!"

"Yes, they will!" scoffed Jams. "Stuff of that sort costs something—if there is anything that's any good!"

"Jams, you don't know a thing about it," scolded Mary, turning upon the big boy. "You never raised a potato in your life!"



"You'd stick up for a fellow who was worth it, you said."

strode down the path to where Nibsy stood, yanked a plant from the earth and thrust it toward Nibsy. Sure enough, the leaves were covered with tiny insects. For some time Nibsy had thought they looked queer, but considered if he tended them well they would come out all right. Now his lips tightened as he saw; he mustn't let anything happen to his patch!

"There's something I could do to get rid of them," he said more to himself than to Jams.

"Well, there isn't, either!" Jams gloatingly asserted. "My uncle had his potato plants eaten up this way. He didn't do anything! . . . I suppose you think you're smart to try to raise potatoes, any-

"Neither did you!" retorted Jams.

"For that very reason," Mary came sharply back at him, "I wouldn't pretend to advise or discourage others! But I know who could tell us what to do," she added after a moment's thought,—"Colonel Pepperpot's gardener."

"What do you suppose he cares about a kid's potato patch?" Jams threw out witheringly. "Think he's going to drop everything to come and doctor it?"

"I know Colonel Pepperpot and Aunt Plumey are the best people in the world!" confidently declared Mary. "They will let their gardener do anything to help Nibs. I'm going up to their home on Twilliger Hill this afternoon with cup-towels mother has been hemming for Aunt Plumey, and I'll find out for you, Nibs."

Nibs thanked her, and as the little girl whirled and sped away, Jams made a parting ugly remark to Nibs and lumbered hastily into the restaurant.

That afternoon, right after lunch, Nibs returned. For a long time he worked. Mary did not appear, and he began to wonder if after all there was nothing that one could do. Jams' uncle had allowed his patch to be eaten—surely if there had been something to prevent—Oh, but he couldn't do that! He'd have to take some action! All his savings were in this! Besides, he must prove to his mother that her son was a success—not a failure!

From bending low over his hoe, Nibs presently straightened to rest his back, and saw Mary coming down the alley with little red-headed Jimmy, Trix, and Scraps, who, he knew, lived at Colonel Pepperpot's. As they neared, Mary called out cheerily:

"We got something, Nibs! Colonel Pepperpot had his gardener give us a lot of powdery stuff to use. He says it surely will do the work!"

"And," added Trix when they had reached Nibs, "Scraps, Jimmy, and I will help put it on. It has to be sprinkled over the tops."

At that moment, Jams, hearing the voices, slumped from the restaurant kitchen and joined them. His thick lips were curled back in a disdainful grin.

"I'd like to know how you're going to get it on every leaf," he jeered. "You'll have a fine time!"

"Oh, you just watch!" cheerfully replied Trix, taking a roll of cheesecloth bags from his pocket and proceeding to pour into each a portion of the mixture. "See, we put the powder into the coarse cheesecloth sacks, then dust it over the plants that way. There are six bags, Jams, so you may help too, if you like."

"Why should I work on anybody's old potato patch?" he flung out fiercely. "What do I care if Nibs makes a go of it or not?"

Trix turned amazed eyes upon Jams; so did Scraps and Jimmy. They did not know about the fight, and could not understand Jams' attitude.

"I'll tell you what we can do," hastily proposed Mary. If it were possible to keep Jams' and Nibs's affair quiet, that, she considered, would be the quickest way to bring about harmonious relations between them. "There are just twelve rows—and six of us. Let us each take two rows and see who can get his plants cleaned first of the horrid bugs."

"Fine! Fine!" instantly agreed all but

Jams, who turned and walked away several steps. Little Mary followed him, holding out a bag. Jams swung around and looked at her.

"You—you'd stick up for a fellow who was worth it, you said," said he, in a low stumbling voice. "Even for—for me, maybe!"

"Indeed I would, Jams!" she replied heartily, and gave the big gruff boy a kind, friendly smile. "Before the whole world! I'd be awfully glad and proud to!"

Jams reddened, grunted something meant for "Thank you," and reached for the bag.

Up and down the rows they went, shaking the powder from the coarse cheesecloth over the plants, each eager to do his work the very best he knew how. Even Jams found himself interested, although he took great pains to conceal it from the others.

Several mornings later, however, Nibs found out. He reached his patch earlier than usual and discovered Jams there, working diligently on his rows. He looked up rather sheepishly as Nibs neared, then his heavy face broke into a broad grin. Nibs saw that the sullen look had entirely left his eyes.

"Say, Nibs," he sang out, "my rows haven't a single bug on them, now. I've gone over every plant—they're perfectly clean."

Nibs examined them, walking up and down the rows with Jams.

"You're right, Jams," he agreed, when they had searched in vain for a sight of the pests. "Your rows are the cleanest of all. The rest of us will have to get good and busy on ours!"

"Now that I have mine in shape," Jams presently went on, "I think I'll go over Mary's for her—she's a girl, and such a little one! This work is too hard for her."

For quite a time they worked in silence, then as Nibs caught up with Jams on his row, Jams suddenly said:

"Oh, I say, Nibs, I've thought of a snappy scheme! Let's form a corporation—you, Scraps, Trix, Jimmy, myself, with Mary for book-keeper. Next spring we'll rent a large tract of land, plant the best potatoes we can get, and sell our crop. Dad would be a good customer. We could work up a fine business, and branch out on a still broader scale the next year. Let's be potato kings—what do you say?"

Nibs's nice eyes grew large and warm-looking as they rested upon Jams—Jams who had once been his enemy, and now, thanks to his potato patch, his friend!

"I think that would be great, Jams!" he replied from the bottom of his heart. "I think that would be just great! We'll do it!"

Then at the very same moment each boy put out his hand. "Let's shake on it!" they exclaimed together. And laughed heartily as they did.

Her Reason.

"I SEE got ter leave you, Miss Martha," I said the dusky maid.

"What's the matter, Dilsie?" asked her mistress. "Don't we treat you right; don't we pay you enough?"

"Yassum, dat's all right; but dey is too much shiftin' of de dishes for de fewness of de vittles."

Realms of Delight.

BY LOUISE M. HAYNES.

CHARACTERS.

CITY CHILD AND COUNTRY CHILD:

Two little girls in ordinary dress, one in simple country garb carrying a berry pail on her arm and wearing a sun bonnet, the other in conventional city costume.

SPIRITS OF JOY: Little girls representing Joy-of-the-Rainbow, dressed in rainbow colors, carrying a rainbow-colored half-hoop which she holds over her head as she dances.

Joy-of-the-Sunrise, dressed in pale pink and blue.

Joy-of-the-Sunset, wearing red and yellow.

Joy-of-the-Moonlight, dressed in pale yellow.

Joy-of-the-Dew-on-the-Flowers, dressed in lavender gauze over green.

Joy-of-the-Summer Breeze, wearing pale blue gauzy scarfs which float about as she dances.

Joy-of-the-Rosy-Cheeks, dress in red, with very rosy cheeks.

MOTHER NATURE: An older girl with flowing green robes, long hair hanging loosely over her shoulders; dress and hair decorated with garlands of flowers.

SPIRIT OF LOVE-TOWARD-ANIMALS: Little boy dressed in white.

SPRITES OF CITY SMOKE AND DUST: Little boys in brown cambric, wearing pointed caps.

SPRITE OF CITY LIFE: An older boy in somber garb, with pale face, wearing big spectacles.

SCENE: A grove, represented indoors by potted plants.

(Enter City Child and Country Child, hand in hand. Sprites of City Smoke to be seen peeping at the two little girls from behind shrubbery.)

CITY CHILD:

Yes, I live in the heart of the city, And I always feel deepest pity For the people like you that never have fun, But live far away from every one, In the country, so lonely and still; I hope that I never will.

(Sprites of City Smoke appear and joining hands dance around the City Child in great glee. Country Child sneezes whenever they come near her to show that she is not accustomed to breathing dust and smoke. They disappear again as Country Child begins to speak and peep at her from behind shrubbery.)

COUNTRY CHILD:

You do not know the untold joy A country life may be, 'Tis never one bit lonely here, For every bird and tree, And every flower and creature wild, Are all my deepest friends, And days are full as they can be Of joy that never ends.

(Sprites of City Smoke appear again in the background as Country Girl finishes, beckoning City Child to come to them. City Child looks hesitatingly toward them, then toward Country Child who speaks again.)

If you will stay and visit me
I'll give you rosy cheeks,
And you may know true happiness
That everybody seeks.

CITY CHILD :

I'll stay to-day
And with you play.

(Sprites of City Smoke vanish.)

(Children seat themselves on the ground and Country Child puts flowers, which she has in berry pail, in City Child's hair. They eat berries as Mother Nature appears, followed by the Spirits of Joy that enter one by one, as Mother Nature calls them by name. Each Joy performs a gay, airy dance, upon entering, around Mother Nature, varied according to what each represents. The children sitting on the ground watch as the Joys dance, and listen interestedly while they sing, Mother Nature leading them and conducting the singing, to the tune of "Mountain Maid's Invitation":)

Come, come, come,
Come to us, city friend,
To our realm your steps now wend
Tasting joy ne'er to end,
Fills one with delight.
You will ne'er be lonely here,
Woodland life, never fear,
All the land is filled with cheer,
All is fair and bright.
Tra la la la la la la
Tra la la la la la la
Woodland life, never fear,
Fills one with delight.

(Each dances airily around and off the stage, leaving Mother Nature on green throne covered with flowers in the center of the stage, in the background.)

(Spirit-of-Love-toward-Animals appears, carrying a tame rabbit in his arms. When City Child sees him, she runs eagerly to him and says:)

Oh, dear brother bunny,
Please come to me,
You'll make my day sunny,
And bright as can be.

(She holds out her hands beseechingly and Spirit-of-Love-toward-Animals puts the rabbit carefully into her arms.)

(City Child catches glimpse of Sprites of City Smoke coming after her and cries out:)

Oh, let us hide,
They're beckoning me;
Those Sprites of Smoke
I hate to see.

(The two children and Spirit-of-Love-toward-Animals hide in shrubbery as Smoke Sprites slip silently onto stage and peer around. They are followed by the tall Sprite of City Life, wearing his heavy-rimmed spectacles. While the little Smoke Sprites peer around, he walks in dignified manner to Mother Nature, and bows before her saying:)

We've lost a precious comrade
In this, your fair domain,
We beg that we may search for her
To take her home again.

(Mother Nature replies:)

I grant you leave to take the child,
But not without her will,
For I believe she likes it here
A little better still.

(Sprite of City Life peers around over his big goggles. Whenever he or Smoke Sprites go near where the children are hiding, they crouch out of sight among the shrubbery. Finally, the Sprites catch a glimpse of City Child holding the rabbit, and feeling that they are losing ground, they forget what Mother Nature said (that they can't take her without her will) and all the Smoke Sprites grab at her, dragging her from her hiding-place and pulling her across the stage. Immediately the Spirits of Joy appear and chase the Sprites of Smoke around; Summer Breeze leads, with her gauzy scarfs floating as she runs. When they are all chased away, leaving only the big Sprite of City Life who stands before Mother Nature, surrounded by the Joys, Mother Nature speaks to Sprite:)

You have done wondrous things we know
Of help to poor mankind,
But if you'll heed our record books,
More wonders you will find.

(She waves her hands to indicate the trees and country around.)

(Sprite of City Life speaks:)

Your land is very beautiful,
And that I'll ne'er deny,
But city life hath many charms
One's time to occupy,
And even if they're made by man
They're wondrous works of art,
That fill our people with delight,
And cheer the downcast heart.

(Mother Nature answers:)

I think the kindest plan of all,
For this young friend of ours,
Will be to share her comradeship
Between my happy bowers,
And all the pleasure you can give
Where your fair city towers.
The summer-time is pleasant here,
Its days are warm and bright,
In winter, city life will cheer
Our friend with its delight.

(Turning to City Child she says:)

My child, the world is very full
Of pleasures rare and fine,
The city life will give you joys
And I will show you mine,
So choose the very best of each
And keep them e'er in sight,
Then you will live throughout your life
In realms of true delight.

Divide the year with each of us
And all will be content,
I'll teach you with the greatest joy
How golden hours are spent.

(Turning to Rosy Cheek, Mother Nature continues:)

Now, Rosy Cheek, escort him
To edge of our domains,
The City Child will stay with us
Until our season wanes.

(Joy-of-the-Rosy-Cheeks takes City Sprite by the hand, the pale solemn face of the Sprite making a marked contrast to her own red cheeks. She dances along beside him, leading him away, and returns alone.)

(Mother Nature draws the two children beside her on her throne, one on each side with her arm about each.)

(The Joys dance in a circle around them singing to the tune of "The Blue Bells of Scotland":)

Oh, Joy! Oh, what Joy! For the City Sprites have fled:
And left, oh, they've left, all for us the city bred.
Nor will she soon depart, but live deep in Nature's heart:
Oh, it's joy, wondrous joy, now the City Sprites have fled!

(Standing with an arm about each of the children beside her, surrounded by the Spirits of Joy, and the little Spirit-of-Love-toward-Animals, with his rabbit at her feet, Mother Nature says to audience:)

Our kingdom is so very wide,
Come one and all, with us abide.

CURTAIN.

Mahatma Gandhi of India.

BY BLANCHE WATSON.

ABOUT two thousand years ago there lived a man who said, "He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword"—that is, he tried to make people see that war was wrong—that all killing was wrong—because all human life was sacred. The world, since that time, has listened to that message, but it has not understood it, or even tried to understand it. All of which means that Jesus came before the world was ready for him, and, not being ready, it crucified him.

When I say "the world," I do not mean everybody in it. There were some people who did understand what Jesus taught, and who tried to live by those teachings.

To-day, on the other side of the world, in far-away India, a man is preaching as did Jesus of Nazareth, "Love your enemies." Like Jesus, he goes out under the blue sky and gathers the people around him.

Now India is a nation numbering more than three hundred million souls, and the people of India have decided that they want the right to govern themselves as we govern ourselves in this country, as they governed themselves a great many years ago. Usually when a people decide that they want to be independent (as we call it) they "go to war"—that is, they gather together armies and go out and kill one another, forgetting what Jesus said, forgetting that we are all brothers and that God is our Father.

This man, who is leading the Indian people,—"Saint" Gandhi, they call him,—is giving to his people the message of our Christian leader. He, too, says, "He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword," and the people are responding in the most wonderful way. They have the utmost faith in him, a faith that has led many to lay down their lives for him and the movement he is leading.

You ask me, "Why?"

Let me tell you. Gandhi says, "Do not have anything to do with this alien government and the people it sends here to rule us; but do not hurt them, do not lift a hand against them: just love them." Now when a man persists in loving you, in spite of all you do to him, you can't keep on hating and misusing that man forever.



THE BEACON CLUB

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Any club member who has lost his button *must send a two-cent stamp* when requesting another.

1639 LA LOMA AVENUE,
BERKELEY, CALIF.

Dear Dr. Buck,—I was seven years old on October 22, 1921. I am in Miss Wilson's class in Sunday school. I take *The Beacon* every Sunday. I go to church sometimes. I recited a motto when we had a birthday party for Dr. Hale. I like Sunday school very much. I should like to join the Beacon Club.

Lovingly yours,
ELAINE W. MORGAN.

MONTPELIER, VT.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button. I go to church and Sunday school most every Sunday. My papa gave my Sunday-school class a sugar party last week. I go to church on my pony.

With blue sky,
LUMAN CUMMINGS.

LOWELL ROAD,
SOUTH NASHUA, N.H.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am twelve years old. Our minister's name is Mr. Lyding. He is very nice to the children. My teacher's name is Mrs. Bills. I go to the Unitarian church of

Mankind, it would seem, is beginning to realize that love is mighty, that love is constructive, that it builds.

Gandhi says to his people, "If you follow my way, you will be a free people"; and when he speaks thus—this little brown man who has to sit in a chair on a table when he speaks—people do follow him. It is said that no one can argue with him, that it is difficult indeed to look into his brilliant eyes. Do you know why this is? Because of the strength of his spirit. It is the spirit—the spirit of God Himself that blazes there, and his word is the same word of God that Jesus gave the world.

Will the people of India hold out? Will Gandhi succeed? Is the world to learn the lesson that war is murder, that Christ's way is the better way, that love is the "greatest thing in the world"?

Let us all watch India—and Gandhi!

Our Young Contributors.

THE THREE WISHES.

BY BETTY SLOCOMBE.

(Nearly nine years old.)

LORNA was playing with the rabbits. She had many good times with them. A little dog came running up to her. Lorna said, "Shoo!" But the dog would not go away. Lorna was scared. She put the bunnies into their box. She got up on top of it and broke a whip off one of the trees. "Shoo!" she said again and waved the whip at the dog. The dog went away.

Lorna was pleased. She sat down on the box again. She heard a little voice calling to her.

"Lorna, Lorna, Lorna," it said.

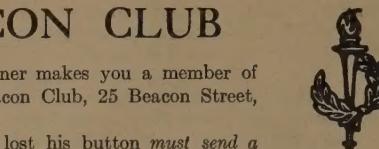
Lorna looked toward it. Sure enough, there in the tree was a fairy.

"Are you good or bad?" asked Lorna.

"Good," said the fairy. "And I will give you wishes—one, two, and three."

Lorna said, "One—a wishing wand, two—a wishing ring, and three—a wishing cap, and those are my wishes, one, two, and three."

"Good," said the fairy. And the next day Lorna had them.



Nashua. We have prizes for the children that come every Sunday. I would like very much to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,
ANNIE SEDGWICK.

Other new members of our Club are Betty Brundage, Washington, D.C.; Everett J. Rohrig, Davenport, Ia.; Eleanor Mobbs, Humboldt, Ia.; Louise Bromer, Cincinnati, Ohio; Ruth Thompson, Kennebunk, Me.; Proctor W. Dodson, St. Louis, Mo.; Margaret Duerr, Laconia, N.H.

New members of our Club in Massachusetts are Rachel Draper, Ayer; Nancy Hardy, Fitchburg; Irma Bell and Harold Sanborn, Hopedale; Charles S. Brooks, Milton; Thelma Spear, Nantucket; Olga Johanna E. McMurdie, Needham; Margaret M. Mace, Richmond; Frank B. Lawson, Salem; Helen Campbell, Wayland; Ruth Ware, Westwood; Jean Merrill, Winchester.

One day Lorna was in the playroom. She had on her wishing cap. She wished she had a doll-house, and lo! there was one before her. Lorna was so delighted she didn't know what to do. "I forgot my wishing cap!" she said, and began looking about the doll-house. It was perfectly lovely. Then she decided to make three wishes at once.

"I wish," she said, "that Jean will get 100 in every test she has, and that Betty's Report Card will be all A's. I also wish they both will get a perfect paper in arithmetic and spelling every day."

And so, away Lorna went. When Lorna got to fairyland, the fairies were all waiting for her. There was music and dancing and everything else. To her surprise, Lorna found herself dancing like the rest.

"What does it all mean?" she asked, to her fairy partner.

"It means, my dear," said the fairy, "that you are a fairy. And your name is no longer Lorna, but Cristal, and all the fairies like our new one."

It was lots of fun in fairyland, and Lorna adopted many children as the fairy had adopted her.

You wonder why Lorna was taken to be a fairy?

That was because her heart had so little selfishness in it.

Our Honor Roll.

New members of the school in West Somerville, Mass., have been secured by

Adelaide Merry.
Roger Whittemore.
Anna Pinkham.
Eleanor Pinkham.
Virginia Glass.

The secretary of the school in East Bridgewater, Mass., sends the following report:

"Master Clinton Spinney, a member of our Kindergarten Class, has secured three new members for our church school. I am glad to say they are proving faithful attendants. Inez Perkins has also secured us a member who has proved a permanent addition."

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXIV.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 11, 2, 12, 13, is proud.
My 7, 8, 6, 10, is a large vegetable growth.
My 4, 8, 9, 4, 5, is verity.
My 8, 14, is a pronoun.
My 1, 7, is also a pronoun.
My whole is a saying of Jesus.

E. A. C.

ENIGMA LXV.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 28, 8, 19, is a grain.
My 9, 23, 1, is the end.
My 17, 7, 15, 29, 12, 31, 5, is an idea.
My 22, 20, 3, 11, is to be self-admiring.
My 26, 2, 13, 16, 27, is a fountain.
My 6, 10, 30, 14, is to carry.
My 27, 18, 25, 4, 12, is a narrow strip of leather.

My 24, 14, 21, 30, is just before Easter.
My whole is instruction given by Pindar.

D. H.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A consonant.
2. A form of the verb to be.
3. Wrong.
4. A color.
5. A city in Germany.
6. A boy.
7. A consonant.

MIRIAM LLOYD.

TWISTED NAMES.

1. Ramy.
2. Chirdar.
3. Nojh.
4. Aym.
5. Smulea.
6. Tyhdroo.
7. Arso.
8. Yamrodn.
9. Rhney.
10. Edni.

VIVIAN HINCKLEY.

DIVIDED WORDS.

I am skilled in needlework. Take away a joining of cloth and leave an exerted force or influence.

I am a flavor. Take away a seasoning and leave a place where money is made.

I am greatly disturbing. Take away a cause of annoyance and leave a word meaning an indefinite number.

I am used for winding. Take away an air current and leave a girl.

I pretend to have great wisdom. Take away a word meaning sensible and leave a ground measurement.

I am a number. Take away a word meaning you and leave a kind of soil.

D. H.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 32.

ENIGMA LIX.—*The Ladies' Home Journal*.

ENIGMA LX.—President.

ENIGMA LXI.—"A stitch in time saves nine."

ADDITIONS AND SUBTRACTIONS.—Spot cash; potash; pot, ash; Po, ass.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY
The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from
21 E. 38th St., New York
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
612 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single sub-
scriptions, 60 cents. In pack-
ages to schools, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1918.

Printed in Boston, U.S.A. Press of Geo. H. Ellis Co. (Inc.)